EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

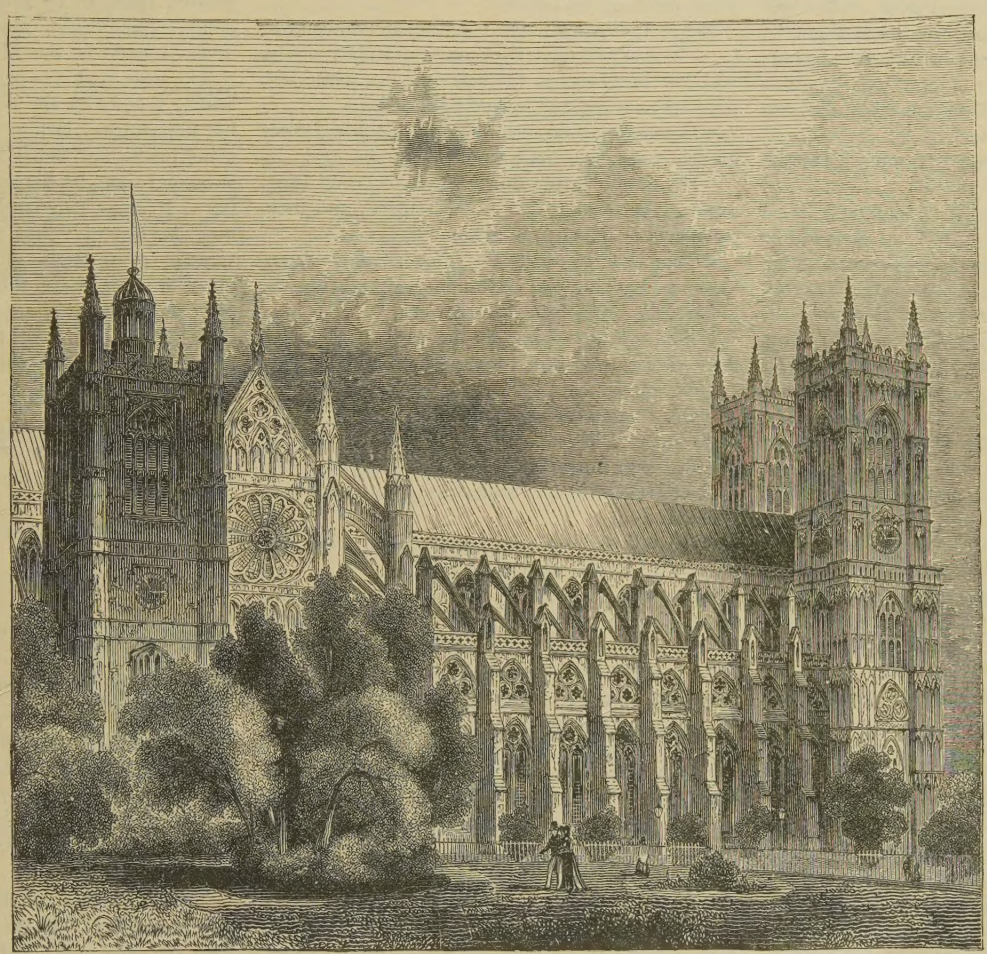
CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — No. 4. BOSTON, OCTOBER 25, 1885. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH this the fourth issue of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY the editor would appeal to every one of his readers to help to extend its circulation. If you are a teacher, see that all your fellow-teachers, as well as your pupils, take the paper. Call the attention of the parents of your pupils to the value of a good Sunday-school paper for their children. If you are a pupil, ask your teacher and your schoolmates to become subscribers. The price is certainly small in view of the amount of good reading and the excellent quality of the pictures in every number. "Lend a hand," then, and you will help on the cause of Sunday-schools, and do something to enable the Sunday-School Society to increase its missionary work by distributing copies of this paper to those who cannot afford to pay for it.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY G. D. P.

WHY is it that every one who goes to England wishes so much to visit Westminster? Is it because it is a beautiful building, or because it is something very old? It is partly for these reasons, but it is more for something else. It is because that great building has been silent witness of so much life, — what is called history. It has seen so many pageants, — coronations, and funerals, and weddings. It is also because within it have been buried so many of England's noblest and best. Twenty-eight of her kings and queens lie there, many of her princes and nobles, poets, historians, and soldiers; and all about are memorials to others whose bodies rest elsewhere.

"But is there anything," I hear some one ask, "that an American boy or girl would care to see?" Yes, indeed. Let me be the guide to show you. First, here in the Poets' Corner is a marble bust of Longfellow, our dear New-England poet. He is the only American commemorated here. Some of the English did not want it. They said Westminster was only to hold *English* dust, — to commemorate *English* virtue or learning. But more said, "Let us have it. Did he not write in our own dear English tongue poems we have read and read again in our English homes? He belongs to us to honor, just as much as to America." So there his face looks down upon all passers-by, and every American goes to see it. When you have seen it, I should point out a slab on the floor, marked with but two words, CHARLES DICKENS; and every reader of "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," and "Dombey and Son," would be straightway interested. How many happy hours has he given us all with his wonderful pen!

I think I should show you next the tomb of Major André, both because you know something about him, and because he was a brave and lovable man. "He was a spy, and we hung him!" I can fancy you are saying. That is true, and yet what I have said is true also. He was a brave soldier, and died for his country. On his monument you will see it engraved that he died during the "*Rebellion* of the American Colonies." The English do not call it the Revolution, but the Rebellion, for we did rebel against our mother-country. It seems strange to think that we once belonged to England, and that to make laws for ourselves was to rebel!

I would like you next to look at the monument to General Wolfe, the young British commander at the capture of Quebec. You will remember how with a part of his men he scaled the Heights of Abraham by night, and in the morning was ready to fight the French on their own ground; and how he died in the very hour of his victory.

Only one thing more can I speak of now, the coronation-chair in which all the kings and queens of England sit to be crowned. I speak of it because of a famous stone beneath it you would wish to see. It is called the Stone of Scone, and is fabled to have been the stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head when he had that vision of the ladder that reached to heaven, and the ascending and descending angels. I wonder if the kings and queens who sat over it to be crowned ever thought how they might make the power they there took on a ladder to reach to heaven, and might themselves be the angels to bring down happiness to their people. We can only guess at that by the lives they led. To be a ruler is to hold great responsibilities, as well as great opportunities.

"IT WAS THE CAT."

BY ANNA M. TALCOTT.

"I DON'T like to go, and yet I can't bear to give it up," said Mrs. Greene, as she sat at the breakfast-table pouring the coffee.

"Oh, nonsense, Mother, there is no reason why you should not go," said her husband from his seat at the foot of the table. "You will only be gone one night. The little ones will take of the house, and Abner and Debby will take care of them."

"I don't suppose anything could happen if I went, and yet I don't know about it," — and Mrs. Greene was so deep in thought she put four lumps of sugar in Bab's cup, to that little maid's secret delight.

"Oh, Mother, do go!" urged Bess. "We will have such fun keeping house, won't we, Bab?"

Bab was too busy with her breakfast to speak, but nodded emphatically.

"If Martha had come," sighed Mrs. Greene. "I declare, it is too bad!"

"Well," said Mr. Greene, "we must make the best of it."

Mr. and Mrs. Greene had been looking forward for nearly six months to this little journey to town. It had been arranged early in the spring that as soon as the crops were safely housed, and everything ready for winter, they were to go for two days and a night to the city, and do a quantity of shopping. Everything was to be bought, from a new set of furniture for the guest's chamber down to shoes and stockings for Bess and Bab. Mrs. Greene's cousin Martha had promised to stay with the children, but the day before a letter had arrived, saying that Martha was needed elsewhere, and although very sorry to disappoint Mrs. Greene, she felt it her duty to go and nurse her sick sister. "Bess and Bab are certainly old enough to be left here, with Abner and Debby to take care of them," said their father. The little girls added their entreaties, and Mrs. Greene at last consented to go.

"Be very careful of the children, Debby," she said to the old black cook as they were starting off next morning. "Don't let them stay out of doors if it is damp, and be sure the house is well locked up at night. Abner is to sleep in the house, you know," — her voice was drowned in the rattle of the wheels as Mr. Greene drove away, leaving Bess and Bab standing on the doorstep looking after them, and not quite sure that they liked being left behind, after all.

However, they were light-hearted little sisters, near enough of age and like enough in tastes to be quite content with each other's society; so they ran into the house, quite determined to enjoy themselves.

Debby was very good that morning, although she was busy baking, and gave them each a large piece of dough, with which they manufactured miracles in pastry. Dinner time came before they knew it, and the short afternoon wore quickly away.

Just at dusk Abner received a message from his home, saying he was wanted there at once. The message was so urgent he felt obliged to go, but promised to be back soon after tea.

Debby had prepared an unusually good tea with plenty of griddle cakes, of which the little girls were especially fond. They had a great feeling of importance as they sat at the table, Bess, in right of her seniority, pouring tea, and Bab in her father's place opposite. The room was warm and comfortable, well lighted by the lamp, while a good fire blazed in the little stove.

The meal was nearly finished, and Bess was trying to decide whether it was the last cake, or the desire to see "Mother," that made her feel so uncomfortable, when Debby rushed into the room, actually pale with fright, — at least as pale as a black woman could be.

"Oh, honeys," she cried, with chattering teeth, "what will become of us? I wish your ma and pa was home, sure enough."

"What is the matter?" screamed Bess, jumping up and upsetting the milk-pitcher, while Bab sat still and gazed at Debby with wide-open eyes.

"We shall all be robbed and murdered before ever Abner gets back," moaned Debby.

"What do you mean?" Bab spoke this time; Bess was speechless.

"There 's a man in your ma's bed, — I seen his black head on the pillow."

When Debby made this startling announcement, in a hoarse whisper, Bess gave a stifled scream and hid her head in the sofa cushion, while Bab promptly rushed and locked both doors.

"He can't get in here," she said, looking every bit the courageous little woman that she was.

"He might batter down the door," said Bess, raising her head to make the remark, and then, ostrich-like, burying it again.

"Then I 'll be ready for him," was Bab's answer, as opening the stove door she thrust the poker deep down into the hot coals.

"This will be red hot by the time he gets the door down, and then you and Debby can get behind me."

"Oh, I wish Abner was here," wailed poor little Bess. She was never as resolute nor as brave as Bab, in whom all the courage and decision of her Revolutionary ancestors seemed to have concentrated.

"He will be here soon," said Bab. "He said he would be back soon after tea."

Then a silence fell on the little group, and a silence was all over the house, which seemed to last for hours. Bab was surprised to see that the little clock on the mantel-piece had only ticked away ten minutes. Suddenly outside they heard footsteps. They came from the front of the house round to the kitchen, the kitchen-door opened, and some one came in. In a moment the handle of the door from the kitchen to the dining-room was turned. Debby groaned, Bess burst into frightened crying, Bab turned pale, but, shoving the poker deeper into the coals, said boldly, "Who 's there?"

"Only me," answered Abner's welcome voice. Bab sprang to open the door with a sigh of relief.

"Come in, come in," she cried, and pulling the astonished man into the room, shut and locked the door again.

"What is the matter?" he asked, seeing Debby crouched in one corner and Bess, with a frightened tearful face on the sofa, while Bab flourished her red hot poker unpleasantly near his nose.

Then Debby explained. Having occasion to go into Mrs. Greene's room, she had looked towards the bed, where she had seen a man with a grey coat, lying with his head on the pillow. She distinctly saw his black head; of that she was certain. She did not stop to take a second look, but dropping her candle, which instantly went out, she had fled in terror to the dining-room.

"It is probably some lazy tramp, who came in while you were all busy at the back of the house," said Abner, remembering he had met a person of that kind on his way home. "We 'll soon put him out. Give me a light." Abner, taking a lighted candle in one hand and a stout stick belonging to Mr. Greene in the other, started for Mrs. Greene's room.

He opened the door very quietly, for he hoped to find the man sleeping, and stepped out into the hall, followed by brave little Bab with her hot poker. Debby, grown courageous in Abner's presence, seized a carving-knife from the table, prepared to assist all that was in her power, while poor little Bess, afraid to stay behind, tremblingly brought up the rear.

The little procession went noiselessly up the stairs, and along the upper hall to Mrs. Greene's room. They went in, and Abner, taking a firmer grasp of his stick, raised the candle above his head and let the light fall on the bed. Then he burst into a loud laugh. The intruder was there without a doubt; but when the black head moved, and looking up with blinking, wondering eyes, showed itself to be Bab's black cat, Debby suddenly remembered something important to be done at once in the kitchen.

The grey coat was Mr. Greene's, which he had hastily thrown on the bed a few moments before his departure. Debby saw the coat and something black, and being too much startled to look a second time, let her imagination run away with her. It was a long time before Abner let Debby hear the last of "that man," and Mr. and Mrs. Greene were much amused when they heard about it; but when the story was all told, Mr. Greene put his arm about Bab and drawing her close to him said, "All the same, I am very proud of my brave little woman."

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 4.

"A SON OF THUNDER."

BY KATE L. BROWN.

"DEAR me, mother, what does this mean, 'Bo-an-erges'?" and Phil looked up with a puzzled expression from the Sunday-school lesson he was studying.

"Read on a little further and you will see," suggested Mrs. Stanley.

"'Which interpreted means the Sons of Thunder,'" went on Phil. "Oh, that means a warrior, does n't it?"

"In one sense, yes, but not the kind of a warrior you mean. There are many good soldiers who are very mild and reasonable in character. We should never think of calling them 'Boanerges.'"

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Phil, beginning to look very cross.

"Yes, Phil, you always try to boss me," remarked little Paul, from his corner, where he was trying to harness a distracted kitten to his express-cart.

"I don't either," retorted Phil excitedly. "Mother, I think it 's real mean for Paul to talk so!"

"Never mind, dear," said Daisy, Phil's older sister; "Paul 's only a little fellow, and does n't know half the time what he is talking about."

"No, I don't know any better," remarked Paul complacently, poking Miss Kitty between the sofa and the wall, where her piteous cries brought mamma to the rescue.

A few minutes later and the little fellow was playing horse with Daisy on the lawn,

and mamma's gentle hand was laid on Phil's shoulder.

"Mamma," said Phil impatiently, "I know just what you 're going to say about my temper and all that. But I don't think I 'm all to blame. If Paul were' n't such a dreadful child, it would be different."

"Daisy never has any trouble with him," said Mrs. Stanley, quietly.

"Well, she 's a girl," said Phil, wrinkling his forehead, as if the thought of his sister's superiority did not please him.

"So you concede that *boys* are less capable of governing than girls!" remarked mamma, archly.

Phil laughed at her sharpness; he could n't help it. Mamma's face brightened.

"My own boy must remember that even *he* does n't like to be 'nagged,' as you young gentlemen are so fond of expressing it," she said, as she left the room in answer to grandma's bell.

A day or two after, Phil was trying to give Paul a reading lesson.

"Come, Paul, and have your lesson," he said, briskly.

"What lesson?" remarked Paul, without looking up from his blocks.

"Why, your reading lesson," said Phil. "Mother said I was to teach you ten minutes in the morning, and Daisy the same in the afternoon."

"I don't remember," said Paul with an utterly blank face.

"Yes, you do," cried Phil, impatiently; "come right along, or I 'll tell mother."

"I 'm busy," and the young hero began to run a train of cars between the sofa and the corner, where Miss Kitty was imprisoned in a block pen. The long-suffering creature was sitting in patience behind her bars, looking at Paul with her great yellow eyes. "Don't be 'fraid, ma'am, it 's only the cars, and they won't hurt you," remarked Paul, politely.

"Paul Stanley, will you come here?" Phil's voice was rather threatening.

Paul hummed a strain of "Chilly little chickadees," one of his primary-school classics.

"Paul Stanley," thundered Phil in terrible tones; "you come here."

"Won't," said little brother defiantly, turning a small resolute face toward big brother.

In a minute Phil had scattered the block-house to all corners of the room, and stood with one hand grasping Paul's sunny curls.

"Oh dear! Mother! Let me go! You old Bony — something! You are too; it said so in the Bible, *there* now," sputtered Paul.

"What *is* the matter?" said mamma, running in.

"Phil pulled my hair," sobbed Paul.

"He 's the worst boy I ever saw, mother. He would n't come to his lesson, and I asked him just as kindly," faltered Phil, as he met his mother's sorrowful eyes.

"Did n't either," wailed Paul, "told me I 'd got to come. Hollered at me."

"Stop right here, boys," said Mrs. Stanley, "I can't have this quarrelling. Paul, you must say your lesson without any fuss. Phil, try and be more gentle with Paul. Remember what I said about 'bossing.'"

When Mrs. Stanley spoke like that, her children never thought of disobeying. Paul brought his primer, and Phil prepared for the lesson.

"What lesson did we have yesterday?"

"'Bout the lamb."

"Oh, no, you had that a week ago. Now try and think. What is it Nora puts on the stove every morning?"

"Blackin'," cried Paul, triumphantly.

"Oh, you hateful child! of course you know I don't mean that. What is it that we have in our pretty cups at breakfast?"

"I don't have nothin' but milk," remarked Paul, in aggrieved tones.

"Why, I mean eggs. Don't we have eggs for breakfast, and does n't Nora boil them on the stove?"

"Why yes, so she does," said Paul, as if much impressed by the fact.

"Yes, our lesson is about the egg. Now I 'll see if you know the spelling words first. What is this one?"

"That 's a new one. You 'll have to teach it to me," said Paul, coolly.

"Why, Paul Stanley, what a story! You 've had that word every day for weeks."

"Yes, I know; it 's 'quick.' Ain't that a funny word, Phil? The first letter looks like a d standing on its head."

"Paul, you must n't talk about other things. Go on," said Phil, crossly.

"I — like — eggs — to — eat. Do — you?" Paul drawled in the most provoking way.

"Paul Stanley, don't drag so. Read over your story first to yourself, and then say it as if you were talking, just as Miss Hall has you do."

Paul repeated his story, if possible worse than ever, whereupon Phil boxed his ears with the primer. Of course, mamma had to quell the scuffle, and both boys felt bad enough after her few words of reproof. Somehow Phil did not feel very easy the rest of the day. He was mortified by his failures, and doubly so when he saw how easily Daisy managed the little rogue.

"Come, Paul, come read to Daisy," she said after dinner.

"I guess I won't learn to read. I 'm goin' to have a steam-engine when I 'm a man," remarked Paul.

"Oh yes, little brother, you want to learn, so you can read the red book Uncle Joe sent you."

"So I do," replied Paul, brightly. "Oh, Daisy, if I read real nice all 'bout 'Jane feedin' her chicks' and 'Ann is a good girl,' will you read me 'bout the lion?"

"Yes, indeed," said Daisy, kindly. Phil lay on the sofa and listened while Daisy, patiently and with beautiful tact, piloted the small scholar through his work. Perhaps he had a thought or two.

That afternoon Paul was missing. He was found five miles from home, fast asleep, his arms about a strange yellow dog. He was carried home by papa and a big policeman. After supper and a bath he fell asleep, and all they could extract from him was about "that funny monkey." Phil stole in to look at him as he lay asleep, — the dear, funny, precious, naughty little brother, with his yellow curls and baby dimples.

"Oh, mamma, I do love him, but he is such a plague," choked the boy.

"Phil dear, has it never entered your head that those things may annoy me as much as anyone?"

"Oh!" said Phil, slowly. A new thought *had* entered his head. And how sweet mamma always was with her children. "Mamma, I know I 'm a 'son of thunder,' and Daisy 's a 'son of peace.' But I 'm going to try and do better," he said earnestly.

"Remember, dear, that he who cannot rule his spirit is like a city with broken walls. The enemy can come in any time. Think in time, my boy, and ask God's help."

"Yes, I will," said Phil gently, as he bent to receive her "good-night" kiss.

History and Biography.

THE GOOD DEAN.

BY GRATIA.

EVERY boy who has read "Tom Brown at Rugby," will be interested in the subject of my sketch, when I tell him that the good Dean, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, about whom I am going to say a few words, was the original of "Arthur" in that book. To say that is to tell at once much about the sort of school-boy he was, and perhaps to explain the sort of man he made. I call him the good Dean, because everybody loved him. After his death, all sorts of people came forward to tell how he had been kind to them, — poor women whom he had helped across crowded streets; rough men, whom he had talked to as if they had been high-born gentlemen; noisy school-boys, whom he had taken over the Abbey (he was Dean of Westminster), and interested in the many bits of history there recorded; anxious mothers, who brought their little children to hear his sermons, and listened for the few words he should drop for themselves, — every one, in fact, who had ever seen his sweet face or experienced his charming courtesy. I have been reading about him lately, and all that I read made me think of Jesus Christ. He spoke and acted just as we know Jesus would if he were here on earth again. Always gentle, always kind, always courteous, and of course, always loved. How beautiful to leave such a record behind! Thinking about him, I have wondered what it was that most helped him to become such a good man, and I am inclined to think, it was his love for his mother. You may think that a small thing. I assure you it is not. No one who really loves a good mother can do wrong; to do wrong would be to pain the mother's heart, as well as to hurt the soul, and a real "mother-boy," as the Dean was called, could not do that. So I would say to all the boys who read this, Love your mother; love her with all your heart; and when you are tempted to do wrong, think of her. I know it will make you strong to resist.

Dean Stanley, out of his love for children, used, on certain days, to preach sermons that were intended only for them. It must have been a lovely sight to see the crowds of children's faces in that old Abbey, where the monuments and tombs tell more of age and death than of youth and life! In one of these sermons I found some words I want the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY to see. I might call them precepts. The Dean said they contained what he should "recommend to all children if they should wish to please their parents, to please God, and to go to Heaven." I know my readers want to do all that, so I copy here his words: —

"Love honest work.

"Love to get knowledge.

"Never forget to say your prayers morning and evening; never be ashamed to say them.

"Always keep your promises.

"Do not pick up foolish and dirty stories.

"Never, never tell a lie.

"Never strike, or hurt, or be rude to any one weaker or younger than yourselves.

"Be ready to risk even your own lives to save a friend or a companion.

"Be very kind to poor dumb animals.

"Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people. Listen and do not interrupt when they are talking. . . . Be careful and tender to them. You cannot think what good it does them."

Our Letter Box.

It seems that "Jim Crow" (whom the readers of the last number of the Dayspring will remember) is n't the only pet crow in America. We think H. F. A. will be glad to hear about this one, and about the tame dove. We certainly were, and we thank Ralph for writing us such an interesting letter.

Mr. Editor, — I liked the story of Jim Crow very much. It made me think of a crow that a boy has got here. He goes into the house and picks things out of the work-basket, and whenever he can get a chance he will hide them. He will unwind a whole spool of thread by catching hold of the end of it and hopping away with it. Sometimes he picks up stones and swallows them. One day I saw him up on the top of the house, and they could not call him down. The little boy's father got a ladder and went up after him; and they clipped his wings with a pair of scissors so he could not fly away. . . . He likes to run after the little boy, when he is barefooted, and pick at his toes. Perhaps you would like to have me tell you about some white fantail doves my grandpa has. When the little doves are first born they do not have any feathers, and cannot see. When they are hungry they put their bills down their mother's throat till you can hardly see their heads, to get the corn she has for them. I tried to tame one of the little ones when it flew down, and was not strong enough to fly back. One day he was in his corn-bin, and I picked him up. First, he started to crawl up my arm, and I did not know what he was going to do. He got up so far that he clung to my neck. I stooped over then. When I straightened up he lit on my head. Then I took him off because he was sticking his claws into my head. . . . I put some corn into my hand, and he began to eat it, and came pretty near eating it all up. . . . I am eight years old, and my name is Ralph Stevens.

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Here we have a letter from a little boy who makes himself useful, and who likes to go to school. We hope he will do everything he undertakes as well as he piled that wood. Grandpa must have been pleased. We are sorry his garden was not more of a success; but little boys who have gardens must keep them clear of weeds.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I have not got any pets, but I have a cart and a little rake. I rake up the ground when it is covered with leaves, and I cart apples and pears around in my cart for grandpa. I pile wood for grandpa, and he pays me ten cents. I piled it very nicely. Grandpa has a horse, . . . and we go to ride very often. We went down to Forge Village one day and had a picnic. We made a bonfire, and Fanny, the horse, was tied to a tree. We had a watermelon for dinner. There was a big pond, and we went out rowing. In the summer I have lots of fun on the hay when they take it in. I trample the hay down on the cart, and every time I move I tumble, and the horse goes very fast to the barn; and when we go round the corners of the barn it feels as if the cart was going on two wheels. I had a garden this spring, and raised three ears of corn and a hollyhock and a pansy, and all the rest was weeds. I planted some squash seeds, and they never came up; and I suppose the weeds choked them. I go to school, and I like to go to school, and I like to study. I have arithmetic, reading, spelling, and geography; and I have a nice time at recess. . . . My name is Cleveland Allen. I am seven years old. I live in Groton, Mass.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

We shall give more of these questions in our next number. Meantime we hope to receive from our young readers some answers to the Bible Questions given on page 14 of No. 2.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN No. 3.

Sam-son.

We are glad to receive an answer in rhyme to one of the rhymed enigmas in the first number of our paper. Now let "M. F. C." try her hand at enigma-writing. "Puzzles of all kinds," she writes, "have a great interest for me." Let us see some fruits of that interest in original puzzles for the Letter Box.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA I. IN No. 1.

When I read this enigma, I plainly could see
That a part of our bodily frame might be *knee*;
The first thus disposed of, to me it soon came
That *he* is a pronoun which stands for a name;
My third must be *my* that every one uses,
For to talk of possessions every one chooses;
My fourth, an expression we use when amazed,
So if I say *Ah!* you 'll not think me crazed;
And taking each word with the simplest of spelling,
I think I can safely go on with the telling,
And declare *Nehemiah* the name of the book, —
An Old-Testament name, as you 'll see if you look.

M. F. C.

A NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty-two letters.

My 31, 43, 9, 13, 1, 2, 12, is a lake in Palestine.

My 43, 6, 18, 25, 33, 15, and my 48, 52, 45, 39, 18, 24, 32, 5, were two of Christ's disciples.

My 23, 40, 17, 7, 39, decreed the death of many children.

My 20, 1, 21, 43, 5, some of the Jews took Jesus to be.

My 52, 24, 49, 10, 42, 26, 43, 5, danced with grace and won a graceless prize.

My 34, 43, 17, 43, 34, 34, 43, 5, the Jews preferred before Christ.

My 11, 46, 14, 41, Christ calls himself.

My 43, 19, 43, 27, 37, 43, 5, was overtaken by sudden death while acting a lie.

My 8, 52, 41, 5, 5, 43, 1, 16, 30, 37, 43, 38, 5, Paul wrote two epistles to.

My 43, 22, 52, 40, 44, 5, is that city in which Paul found the altars "to the unknown God."

My 28, 46, 36, 50, 5, Paul calls "mine own son."

My 5, 37, 45, 29, 47, was once a great city on the coast of Palestine.

My 5, 43, 4, 9, by a wonderful vision was turned from a persecutor to a believer.

My 51, 17, 35, 8, 23, Christ came to preach.

My whole is an injunction, given by John in one of his epistles, to little children.

AN OLD TESTAMENT CHARADE.

My first a letter is, and yet a bird,
Whose wings reflect the color of the sky;
My second is a letter and a word,
Exclaimed sometimes without much reason why;
My third another letter is and more, —
An insect flying here and there for store.
My whole, when guessed, will straightway tell
Of one who loved his God full well;
Who losses, pain, and anguish bore,
And found that love increased the more;
And though he sank in sickness great,
Cried only, "God is love, not hate!"

A little girl saw hanging in her Sunday-school this text on an illuminated card: "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." She caught the idea of its teaching, and in attempting to repeat it at home, she gave a somewhat free rendering, in this form: "Don't you get tired in doing good, for if you don't faint away, by and by you will get your pay." The truth as she put it is worth bearing in mind. — *Morning Star.*

For Youngest Readers.

ABBY'S STAIRCASE.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

POOR Abby was left out in the cold.

To be sure, she had on a nice fur coat, and hood to match. They were silver-gray, with white trimmings, and very pretty. She had white mittens too. And she was not hungry. She had eaten her supper, of bread and milk, out of a pretty blue bowl.

So you see she was not a poor little girl, without any friends.

She was not a little girl at all, though this is true, and Abby was her real name. She was a pet pussy. It was a mistake that she was left out at night.

She mewed at all the doors and the kitchen-window. She jumped up on the parlor window-sill, and mewed. But no one heard her.

She went to the kitchen-door, and tried to push it open with her paw; but it was latched and bolted. She was a brave little pussy, and would not give up. She sat down on the door-step, and waited.

Pretty soon a bright thought came to her aid.

"I have it now," she purred.

She ran round to the side of the house where her mistress slept. The lady used to leave her window a little open from the top when the night was not very cold.

Pussy looked up anxiously. "Ah! it 's down. I 'm all right," she purred.

But how could she get up to the second story? Pussy knew. A wisteria-vine grew along the wall. It reached to the roof. Up went pussy, like a sailor, hand over hand, — or paw over paw. But the window was open only a very little, and Abby was plump. "No matter," she purred, "where 's a will, there 's a way."

She sprang on the sash. Down it went with her weight, and pussy jumped on the bed. She woke her mistress.

"You naughty cat!" she began. But pussy arched her back, and rubbed her soft fur against the lady's face, and purred.

"Please excuse me. It is so warm and cosey in here. And I love you dearly, dearly!"

So the lady let her stay, and did not scold her. But when Abby had once found this way in, she used it whenever she liked.

She would take evening walks, and not hurry home a bit. And she would stay late at cat-parties. Sometimes, too, she would get up very early in the morning, perhaps at four o'clock, and out the window she would go, and down the vine-ladder. So the beautiful wisteria-vine is now known among the children as "Abby's Staircase."

A ROMAN SHEPHERD BOY.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A SOLDIER-THIEF.

BY UNCLE HARRY.

THE most curious shell-fish that we find on the sea-shore is the crab. Somebody has called him "*a shortened lobster;*" but he is in every way a much more interesting creature than the lobster. We might almost call him the clown among the mollusks, so grotesque are many of his actions. If you are a lover of pure fun you can do no better than take a walk along the shore of the bay when the tide is out, and see a little regiment of fiddler-crabs marching on the double-quick to get into their sand-holes; or engage in a playful quarrel with a pugnacious "*Blue-claw*" (only be sure to use a long stick for your weapon); or watch the queer performances of a hermit-crab, as he goes from one empty shell to another in his search for a house to live in. Perhaps you will ask, "What does a crab want of another creature's empty shell? Does he not, like the lobster, have a shell of his own?" Yes, most crabs are covered with shell-plates, which you may call either the houses that they live in or the coats of mail that protect them. But the hermit-crab is only partially protected by a shell. All his fore parts, including his claws, are defended by the shell-armor; but the hinder parts of the hermit are quite soft, and therefore need to have some protection from without. Some naturalists say that originally the hermit had shell-plates for the hinder parts of his body, just as all the other crabs had; but acquiring the habit of stealing a shell-house as a refuge from his enemies, he gradually lost his shell-plates, which grow only when they are used. In this way he became not exactly a soft-hearted, but a soft-bodied creature. In this condition these little fighters — for hermit-crabs are so much given to fighting with one another that they are often called "soldier-crabs" — become confirmed thieves, going about to take for their own use the shells of other mollusks.

In order to see to the best advantage the fun of which I have spoken, you should catch two or three of these hermits, take them out of their shells, and put them, together with an empty shell or two, into a glass aquarium. Pretty soon one of them will discover the empty shell, poke into it an inquiring claw, and, if he thinks all is right and safe, will slip into it, tail foremost, and then scuttle along with his new house on his back, "as happy as a king." But Master Hermit is not left very long in quiet possession of his stolen abode; for one of his larger rivals, finding out what he has done, quickly rushes after him, seizes the shell in his strong grasp, and with his powerful claw pulls crab number one into the water and pops his own body into the shell. And so the quarrel of these soldier-thieves will continue, — a sort of savage game of hide-and-go-seek, very droll to the looker-on, but a very earnest kind of business with the crabs themselves.

I think the hermit-crab may teach us one useful lesson. Those parts of his body which are soft and now need protection became so through want of exercise, and because he would rather take the shell of another creature than grow one for himself. We too must exercise our faculties if we would keep them strong, and not depend too much on others when we are young if we would be able to take care of ourselves when we are older.

THE UNFINISHED PLEASURE-HOUSE.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

THE poet Wordsworth was one day strolling about on one of the islands at Rydal. He found there a great heap of stones, and a deserted quarry. The weeds were growing all about it; brambles and wild roses had half covered many of the stones, and no clink of the drill or sharp tap of stone-cutter's hammer, was to be heard.

A man, years before, had determined to build a pleasure-house of stone upon this island and had actually begun it.

But he had abandoned the undertaking, and why? He meant to have a pleasure-house in which he could entertain his friends whenever he chose to visit the island; but he did not mean that it should be the common stopping-place of every tramp and lazy lounger that might come along when he was absent.

So he chose an island for the site of his intended house. But one thing he did not think of, and that was the depth of the water between the island and the mainland.

After considerable progress had been made upon the house, he found that a man could easily wade from the shore to the island and thus occupy and enjoy what he meant should be used only by himself and his friends. He was disgusted at the idea of building an expensive lounging-place for gypsies and vagabonds.

So the poet wrote the history of the unfinished pleasure-house in beautiful poetry upon one of the largest stones near the deserted quarry.

There are few things that children like to do better than to build pleasure-houses. Sometimes they build them in the woods, and cover them with sweet-smelling boughs of pine, and hemlock; but these wither and then, when it rains, there is no such thing as pleasure in such a house.

Sometimes a snow-house is built. There is a good deal of fun in building a snow-house, but it is a cold thing to stay in.

There are a great many unfinished pleasure-houses in the world. Children begin them in real earnest, but they often get tired of them before they are half finished.

Now, there is a certain kind of pleasure-house that every child ought to be building, and a very strange kind of house it is. The materials are invisible. It is built as slowly as the coral animal builds its great reefs far under the sea, and it will last a great while longer than they will. It can never melt away like a snow-house. It can never wither like one made of green boughs. And do you ask what it is built of?

One material that enters into this wonderful pleasure-house, is *good thoughts*. Does thought seem like very unsubstantial building material? It is as enduring as adamant. Then, next, *truthful and pure words* are largely used; and lastly, *good deeds* crown the structure.

Such a house every one of us may build as the years go on. If we set each stone and lay every beam with care, our pleasure-house will far outshine the building that the English poet saw at Rydal. For it will be "eternal, in the heavens" where are pleasures forevermore.

We give below part of Wordsworth's poem, which suggested the above article.

Written with a slate-pencil, upon a stone, the largest of a heap lying near a deserted quarry, upon one of the islands at Rydal.

Stranger! this hillock of misshapen stones
Is not a ruin of the ancient time;
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the cairn
Of some old British chief. 'T is nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little dome,
Or pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the knight forthwith
Desisted; and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

BY O. M. B.

THEY say so many interesting things, — my class of little eight-year-old boys, — things bright and funny, things tender and thoughtful. One Sunday we were talking of the conscience, and the work it had to do in prompting us to all good acts, and helping us to avoid bad ones, and Harold P., with earnest face, said, "The conscience is something like machinery; it sometimes gets full of dirt, and then it won't work." I thanked him and told him he had helped me with his idea; and then I asked the class what they did to machinery that was full of dirt and would n't work, and they replied, "Clean it." "How?" Then from various directions, "rags," "oil," etc. Then I told them that prayer was the oil that would keep the conscience in good working order, and Harold in telling about the lesson at home, added, "but it would take *piles* of oil."

One Sunday, little eight-year-old Hallie said, "I like the *New* Testament best, because it tells about Christ;" and then a tender look came over the bright face, in which the dimples are always playing a game of hide and seek, and he added, thoughtfully, "but there is 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' *that* is in the Old Testament," and then, eagerly, "Well, it is *all* nice."

SCRIPTURE PRACTICALLY EXPOUNDED.

IN a German village there lived a parson and a clerk who had often quarrelled about some trivial matters relating to church affairs. One Sunday morning the minister chose as his text, "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other," and after an eloquent discourse, he proceeded on his way home. The clerk waylaid the clergyman, and thinking that the opportunity had at last arrived for avenging past injuries, he confronted him, saying, "Let us see if you can practise as well as you can preach." He then gave the parson a smart blow on the right cheek. The clergyman determined to act on his text rather than allow the clerk to deride and sneer at him, so he offered him the left cheek; upon which the clerk, thinking the clergyman thoroughly cowed, promptly administered a heavier blow than before. "Now," said the parson, who was a man of rather large dimensions, "there is another text which runs thus, 'For with the same measure ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again,'" and suiting the action to the words, he gave the clerk such a sound thrashing as he had never before received in his life, and never wished to receive again. The squire of the parish, happening to pass in his carriage, and desirous of knowing the cause of the scuffle, sent his footman to ascertain what it was about. The footman quickly returned, and touching his hat, said, "Oh, sir, it is only the parson and the clerk expounding Scripture to one another!" — *Scottish American Journal.*

GRACE, seeing her aunt write a message on a postal card, called for an envelope, saying, "I 'm going to write a letter, too, Aunt Jane; but I don't want it to go *bareheaded like yours.*"

Teachers' Department.

A TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

BY E. J. LEWIS, JR.

Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school, Harrison Square, Mass.

[NOTE. — Although the subject of Teachers' Meetings was ably discussed in No. 2 of our paper, yet the importance of the topic justifies our returning to it from time to time. The association described in the present article is an excellent model for schools where the weekly meeting of the teachers cannot be sustained.]

OUR "Teachers' Association" was organized a little more than four years ago, and is composed of the officers and teachers of the school, together with the members of the pastor's Bible class.

There were three leading purposes which prompted its formation. They were these :

First, to deeply interest all the teachers, and the members of the Bible class, who must soon become teachers, in every matter connected with the welfare of our own particular school.

Second, to inspire them with just as deep an interest in Sunday-school work in general, and to make us all feel and appreciate how great is the responsibility resting upon us as teachers of the young.

Third, to show the children that the school is not conducted entirely according to the ideas of one person, but that there is a power behind the throne, and that every important action of the school receives the careful consideration and approval of the whole body of officers and teachers. This is, in many cases, a matter of no small importance; for children are quite republican in their principles, and "one-man power" may be as distasteful to them as to those of older growth.

You will thus see that our Association is a society for mutual helpfulness, and is besides a sort of "Superintendent's Council," advising and upholding him in his work. Our meetings are held on the Tuesday following the third Monday in each month; that is, on the evening succeeding the meetings of the *Unitarian Sunday-School Union*.

By this arrangement seven or eight of our members are enabled to come to the meeting full of enthusiasm, and prepared to offer good suggestions which they have received from the Union, and which are still fresh in their memories.

Not having as yet adopted the one-topic lesson system, we are not permitted to enjoy all the advantages and pleasure resulting from a weekly "Teachers' Meeting," and our evening's programme is of the simplest description. Being few in number, we gather like one family in a circle about our pastor, who opens the meeting with an invocation for Divine strength and guidance. Then we read together a short service, which is followed by the evening's lesson. Our pastor often selects for his subject some simple truth which he would have the children consider, and explains in a few words how he would teach it to them. If the lesson requires no discussion we proceed to the business of the meeting. The reports of the Secretary of the Association and of the Treasurer of the Sunday-school are read and acted upon. The "Committee on Fellowship," whose duty it is to welcome strangers to the church and school, tell us what they have done since the previous meeting, and the "Committee on Charity" reports what cases of destitution they have discovered in the neighborhood, and to what extent the Sunday-school has been able to afford relief. The remainder of the time until the closing benediction is taken up with the consideration of matters connected with the management of the school.

Those who have never tried the experiment of such meetings may be surprised that we devote so much time to what at first sight appear the few points which can possibly come up for discussion. To such my answer must be as it has been to others who have asked me how we contrived to fill up the time, that our difficulty is not in finding subjects for discussion, but in remembering all the matters which ought to be considered.

It requires no small amount of time to keep pace with the *Unitarian Sunday-School Society*, in the great and rapid improvements it is making all along the line of Sunday-school work, for we do not intend, having won a slight success, to sleep upon our oars. Our duty to the children we have taken into our charge demands that we take advantage of everything that will aid us in teaching them aright, and in leading them along the path that tends toward the good citizen and the true Christian.

And now, in closing, I would say to every school which has not a "Teachers' Association," a "Teachers' Club," a "Teachers' Meeting," or a teachers' society of some kind, — form one at once! Do not delay taking advantage of such a great help in your work, for it has everything in its favor and nothing against it. It is the Superintendent's opportunity to express his views to his teachers; it is the teachers' opportunity to convey their views to him; and it is the opportunity of all to profit by the experience of each, and in a strong union (for "in union is strength") to carry on the Master's work with an enthusiasm and a degree of success utterly impossible where each teacher depends solely upon his own unaided exertions.

ABOUT PARENTS.

IT is impossible to overrate the importance of parental help to Sunday-school work.

This help may be given in many ways, but if withheld, thoughtlessly or deliberately, the mischief will be many-sided.

By sending their children to the schools parents are tacitly pledged to aid the teachers; and they may be expected to do this without any special request, so far as cleanliness, punctuality, and requiring good conduct are concerned.

But there are some points to which it may be well to ask the attention of fathers and mothers most earnestly.

1. Parents should remember that the Sunday-school has an aim quite distinct from the day-school. In the latter, children can obtain a secular education, which may be better for them than a mint of money ; but the Sunday-school is the place in which they are to be taught the truth of the Christian religion; in which an earnest effort will be put forth to bring them into personal, direct fellowship with the best of all friends, the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The object of the Sunday-school among children is precisely the same as the object of the church generally in the world, — namely, to bring souls into saving communion with God; to make the bad good, and the good better.

2. Parents should remember how much more time their children spend away from their Sunday-school than in it, and should themselves be watchful over their moral and spiritual interests during the week. They should take care to know where the boys are after dark, and where and how the girls spend their evenings. The impressions their children receive now will ABIDE, — whether for good or bad depends very much on the fathers and mothers.

3. Parents should remember, also, that the period in which the best work can be done for their children is very limited. It is not merely a question of Sundays — they are few — their hours devoted to teaching are soon gone; but the whole period of childhood is so very soon over.

4. Parents should remember that devotion now to the best interests of their children, and ready help given to their Sunday-school teachers, means a harvest of reward for themselves in after days.

Christian instruction makes sons and daughters respect the obligation of filial duties all through life; it trains the MAN to show the respect, the gratitude, the love which belonged to him as a CHILD. It makes such, when they have advanced in life, prospered in circumstances, grown in wisdom, and gained position, remember with affection the guides and friends of their youth. It opens their eyes to see more beauty in the wrinkled hands of an old mother than in the jewelled fingers of the daughter of fashion. It makes them feel the keenest delight in life in being able to minister to the comfort of those who spent years of watchful solicitude over their early days, and who strove to secure their highest good. It fills the chambers of memory with blessed thought; it makes the old school and the old sanctuary sacred spots to them forever; and the parents' table, the parents' house, and the parents' voice, never to be forgotten. Sons and daughters have a rich heritage when all their recollections of home, and father, and mother, have connection with godly teaching and attractive religion. — *Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Magazine.*

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

LESSON CALENDAR. No. 7: Forgiveness of Injuries. No. 8: "Sons of Peace and Sons of Thunder."

In addition to consulting the special references for Lesson VII., given on page ii of the Appendix to the Lesson Quarterly, the teacher will do well to read the sermons on Forgiveness, by Rev. E. H. Chapin and Rev. Washington Gladden in their volumes of "*Discourses on the Lord's Prayer.*" The best comparison between the Christian moral system and the pagan systems of morals, with respect to the duty of forgiveness, is that which is given by the author of "*Ecce Homo.*" This writer says: —

"The law of forgiveness is Christ's most striking innovation in morality. When a Christian spirit is spoken of, a forgiving spirit is usually meant. The importance of this doctrine lies in its being the most *distinctive* feature in the system and in its *characterizing* Christian morality more than any other doctrine of it. In the law of forgiveness, and still more in the law of unlimited forgiveness, a startling shock was given to the prevailing beliefs and notions of mankind. By this law an ineffaceable and palpable division has been made between ancient and modern morality. . . . Undoubtedly, friends fell out and were reconciled in antiquity, as amongst ourselves. But where the only relation between the two parties was that of injurer and injured, and the only claim of the offender to forgiveness was that he was a human being, there forgiveness seems not only not to have been practised, but not to have been enjoined or approved. People not only did not forgive their enemies, but did not wish to do so, nor think better of themselves for having done so. That man considered himself fortunate who, on his death-bed, could say that no one had done more good to his friends or more mischief to his enemies."

The historic instances cited in "*Ecce Homo*" are Xenophon's panegyric on Cyrus the Younger, Cicero's gloating over the misfortunes of Clodius, and Julius Cæsar — eminent in antiquity as one who knew how to forgive — executing Vercingetorix. Let the teacher explain to his class the cruelties and revenge practised in a Roman triumph, and then compare with that characteristic feature of the old pagan civilization the forgiveness of public enemies which is so common in our modern world, notably exemplified by the treatment which the leaders of the Rebellion in our Civil War received at the hands of the government which they tried to destroy.

"*Sons of Thunder.*" In presenting to his class the topic which is touched upon in § 9 of Lesson VIII., the teacher should aim to set forth fairly both sides of the war question. For impassioned yet well-reasoned words by an eloquent advocate of Peace, let him read Channing's lecture on "War" ("Works," Vol. V. p. 107). Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations" might also be read with profit. On the other side of this question a thoughtful statement has lately been made by one of our Unitarian ministers. (See the article on "The Elimination of Warfare," by Rev. E. F. Hayward, in the *Unitarian Review* for September, 1885.) Mr. Hayward refers approvingly to a sermon in favor of war by the famous Scotch preacher, Rev. Dr. Norman McCleod, published in the *Good Words* magazine.

The line of argument followed by these clergymen is forcibly indicated by Mr. Lecky in the first volume of his celebrated work on the "History of European Morals." Mr. Lecky says (p. 97):

"That which invests war, in spite of all the evils that attend it, with a certain moral grandeur is the heroic self-sacrifice it elicits. With perhaps the single exception of the Church, it is the sphere in which mercenary motives have least sway, and a disinterested enthusiasm has most scope. A battle-field is the scene of deeds of self-sacrifice so transcendent and at the same time so dramatic, that, in spite of all its horrors and crimes, it awakens the most passionate moral enthusiasm."

And, again (p. 182): "War, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has at least always been the great school of heroism. It teaches men how to die. It familiarizes the mind with the idea of noble actions performed under the influence not of personal interest, but of honor and enthusiasm. It elicits in the highest degree strength of character, accustoms men to the abnegation needed for simultaneous action, compels them to repress their fears and establish a firm control over their affections."

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

After a long period of faithful service, Miss Elizabeth P. Channing has resigned her position as Superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester. Her place will be taken by Rev. Mr. Lawrence, the new pastor of the church; but our Sunday-schools will continue to have the benefit of Miss Channing's earnest and intelligent interest in their behalf, as one of the directors of the Sunday-School Society.

In two of the Unitarian Sunday-schools in the vicinity of Boston (in Cambridge and Winchester) a system of graded studies has been adopted, and has already been put into operation for the present Sunday-school year.

The *Unitarian Sunday-School Union* held the first session of its third year — 1885–1886 — in the rooms of the Second Church, Boston, Monday evening, October 19. The subject discussed was *Sunday-school Libraries: How to manage them, and What to put into them.*

Our Book Table.

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Petland Revisited. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Illustrated. New York: R. Worthington, 770 Broadway. pp. 310. Price, $2.25.

If the "Society-with-a-long-name" should wish to distribute among children or grown people some book to promote kindness of feeling toward all dumb creatures, it could not do better than to purchase this. Mr. Wood deals with animals not only as if they were human but as though they possessed feelings even more sensitive than our own. His stories of his pets are delightful, and in what he has to say of "unconventional pets" he has given much information. One will not need to be a child to be interested in the book, but if he chances to be a boy or girl he will read it from cover to cover, and wish there were more. P.

The Story of a Short Life. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, W. C. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. pp. 82. Price, 40 cents.

This is a beautiful story. It seems to have been written for children, but readers of all ages will find it charming. No one, old or young, who has ever experienced disappointment in any form can fail to be impressed and helped by the lesson it so clearly teaches. To be a soldier of the Lord, is not always to wield the sword. It is sometimes to carry the cross. This, little Leonard exemplifies in a way most vivid, yet most childlike. His book of "Poor Things," a childish idea, would not be a bad thing for some of us "children of larger growth" to keep. By all means get the book and read it. The story is one that the reader will not soon forget. P.

Class C.

Books for Teachers, and Members of Adult Classes.

A Common-sense View of The Books of the Old Testament. By Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D. Boston: Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 1885. Cloth. pp. 328. Price, $1.50.

For the intelligent study of the Old Testament Scriptures by the older pupils and the Bible classes in our Sunday-schools, this is a most useful handbook. It gives just the information which the average reader of the Old Testament most needs concerning the age, character, and contents of its several books. Let us suppose, for example, that the Book of Job is selected to be studied. The student will find in Dr. Stebbins's book nearly forty pages of introductory matter on the characteristics of Hebrew poetry in general, followed in the special chapter on Job by an account of the period in which this celebrated poem was written, a discussion of the subject of which it treats, and of the author's style, followed by a careful analysis of the structure of the entire poem. In the concluding sections of the chapter the view of immortality which the poem gives is touched upon, and a word added on the theology and inspiration of the book.

From this account of a single chapter in the book before us the reader can readily see how useful the whole volume may become in the hands of an earnest student of the Bible. It ought to be widely studied in our Sunday-schools and should find a place in every Sunday-school library.

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is particularly called to the announcement heretofore made, that *all members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the packages sent to their schools.* We cannot mail the single copies to individual members of schools, but must leave all arrangements for the distribution of papers with the schools themselves.

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The Bible for Beginners. The Old Testament. By Rev. John Page Hopps. Second edition. pp. 275. Cloth. $1.00.

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A Common-sense View of the Books of the Old Testament. By Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D. pp. 328. Cloth, $1.50.

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